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OR
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OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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NO. 1.

THE
Recluses of Snowden.

[Although this TALE is neither original nor perhaps new to some of our subscribers, we trust it will be highly gratifying to all our readers.]

ON the border of one of those lakes which run at the foot of the celebrated Snowden, a place of worship had been formerly erected in the Druidical style, but the hand of time had made such dilapidations in it, that at the period of the commencement of this narrative little more than the walls remained.

A gentleman, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Melville, was travelling thro' that part of Carnarvonshire, for the purpose of fixing upon his future abode, accompanied by his only daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen. Mr. Melville was the descendant of a noble family, his appearance was dignified, and a peculiar degree of polish marked his address; yet he had not only experienced a complete vicissitude of fortune, but his sensibi-

lity had been deeply wounded by the treachery of pretended friends. To retrieve those losses which an unsuspecting disposition had brought upon him, and live in a less expensive style, was the motive which induced the hero of my story to make an excursion into Wales.

The death of a beloved wife had given a melancholy turn to his reflections, which the treachery of friendship tended to augment, and he began not only to view mankind with a suspicious, but a misanthropic eye.

The appearance of the decayed building attracted his attention; it seemed to bear affinity to his fortune, and he immediately exclaimed, "Here will I dwell!" then turning to the object of his affection, he eagerly enquired whether she could bear to live in so retired a spot? The amiable Louisa had no will but that of her father, and in a tone of angelic sweetness, she replied, "that a desert with him would not appear solitary, provided she could again behold the smile of cheerfulness illuminate his face."

"My darling girl!" exclaimed the

dejected Melville, pressing the lively image of his lost Maria to his breast, and at the same time endeavouring to suppress a sigh, which bespoke the inquietude of his feelings, whilst the smile of parental fondness transiently passed over his cheek.

The postillion was directed to stop; they entered the decayed building, in which they found a goatherd, taking his humble meal; and upon Melville's entering into conversation with him, he found that the spot which presented so many charms to his imagination, was either to be sold, or let upon a long lease. The proprietor, he was likewise informed, was then at Carnarvon; and thither this citizen of the world resolved to direct his course, for the purpose of buying the decayed structure, and converting it into his future abode.

Melville's proposals were accepted with avidity; for the possessor of the tenement actually believed his mind was deranged, as Snowdon was a spot merely visited by the curious traveller, and the last imaginable abode that could be fixed upon by a man of taste. Yet that such Mr. Melville was, appeared evident from his conversation; and his manners evinced that he had been accustomed to associate with persons in the most elevated sphere of life. Therefore the supposition which the possessor of this Druidical chapel formed was perfectly consistent, though he injudiciously asserted that he was insane.

The building, which had been erected for the purpose of offering homage to the great Creator of the Universe, was in a short time converted into a comfortable abode: when Kir-

by and his wife, two faithful domestics were summoned from the elegant mansion, which had been intrusted to their care; as an advertisement had proclaimed the master's intention of letting it for the space of seven years. The Gothic appearance of this ancient structure did not undergo the slightest alteration; and to the passing stranger it conveyed an idea of its original sacred use; but the internal part was constructed with elegance and at once proved the chaste simplicity of its possessor's taste.

Louisa, whose mind was stored with that improving literary knowledge which prevents those who possess it from feeling the tediousness of time, found so many pursuits to occupy her attention, that she could experimentally have been said to know the meaning of that fashionable term *ennui*. Though, in a spot so retired, there were not many opportunities for the exertions of benevolence yet some few, in the most remote situations, naturally must arise; and, like the good Samaritan described in scripture, she was always prepared both with money and oil.

Ignorance has been described as the parent of superstition; and as the retreat Melville had chosen had formerly been devoted to a sacred use, the few lower class of people who resided in the neighbourhood, fabricated a variety of marvelous tales. That the house was haunted, was asserted with such a degree of confidence, that incredulity itself must have been compelled to believe the report; for reputed facts (as they were termed) were so circumstantially related, that they scarcely admitted of a doubt. The

secluded life Melville led, united to his never quitting his retirement unaccompanied by a favourite cat of his deceased wife's, not only confirmed the opinion of his intellects being disordered, but gave rise to a still more extraordinary belief, and he was soon signalized by the title of the Magician, and the Mad Man of the Mountains. Though the children of the peasantry at first shunned him with looks of apprehension, yet the condescending sweetness of his manners soon dispersed their fears; and scarce a day elapsed without their returning to their parents big with the Mad Man of the Mountain's praise.

Louisa had passed near twelve months in this seclusion, when, in her accustomed evening walks round the foot of the mountain, her susceptible feelings were alarmed by a terrific shriek, and elevating her eyes towards the spot from whence it issued, she beheld something roll with inconceivable rapidity down the hill. She remained for some moments transfixed with terror: the rolling body, as it approached, presented a human form, and gazing anxiously round, in the hope of seeing some person who might aid her benevolent intentions, she perceived a groom leading two horses which were grazing upon the borders of the lake. Breathless, she flew towards the servant, and implored him to hasten with her towards the spot. "Oh! it is my master, miss! it must be my dear master!" exclaimed the poor fellow, in an alarmed tone of voice.

This conjecture was in a few moments verified: it was the ill-fated Theodocius, whom they discovered

apparently lifeless at the foot of the mount, which from curiosity he had ascended, for the purpose of measuring its height. The unfeigned expressions of sorrow which escaped the lips of the attached servant, made Louisa doubly anxious to render assistance to the helpless young man, and though no surgical aid could be procured within eight miles distance, she had the highest opinion of her father's skill, who, in his more prosperous days, had frequently exerted the physical knowledge he had obtained by study, for the benefit of the neighbouring poor. At that critical moment she perceived him approaching, and springing towards him with rapidity, she related the melancholy accident which had occurred, and besought him to render the unfortunate stranger every assistance in his power.

Melville's sympathising breast beat with emotion, as he listened to the impressing account, and having acquired the art of phlebotomy, upon reaching the senseless body he opened a vein. The sustaining current of life for some minutes remained stagnate, but at length a few drops issued from the orifice—yet the heart appeared totally to have lost its pulsation, and Melville expressed his fears that the unfortunate stranger was dead.

Kirby, and a lad who had been hired to assist in the garden, were ordered to convey a small matress to the spot where this unfortunate accident had occurred, and as they were moving the apparently lifeless body upon it, the sufferer uttered a penetrating groan. Though so strong a symptom of pain could not be likely to give pleasure to a mind like Louisa's, yet she emphati-

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cally exclaimed, "Thank God!" and anxiously turning her expressive eyes upon her father, she demanded whether Mr. Owen had not better be sent for.

"A short period, my dear girl, will decide whether his aid can be of service," replied Mr. Melville, pressing the hand of Louisa to his lips, and then assisting the attendants to remove the unfortunate Theodocius to his hospitable abode. A bed had previously been prepared by the attentive Martha, which was the name of honest Kirby's wife; and as the symptoms of returning sense seemed to increase, Mr. Owen was immediately summoned, and the boy had the good fortune to meet him within three miles.

Upon examining the wounded man, he discovered a contusion at the back of his head, and that three ribs were broken, though fortunately not any of the more dangerous limbs. It was thought prudent that another vein should be opened, as the patient had not displayed any symptom of returning sense, and, from the state of the pulse, it was apprehended that a fever would arise.

Every attention that humanity could bestow, and kindness imagine, was paid this ill-fated young man; but not until the termination of the third day did it strike Melville that it would be necessary to send an account of this melancholy accident to his friends. The servant, when speaking of his master, had merely addressed him as Mr. Theodocius, and Melville had never even thought of enquiring his surname: and judge of his sensations, upon demanding it of the servant, to find that he was the younger son of the man whose treachery had not only

injured his fortune, but destroyed his peace of mind.

William, the servant of the suffering Theodocius, had scarcely named it, when the disconcerted Melville threw himself back in his chair, exclaiming, "This is too much! to shun all intercourse with my bitterest enemy did I fly to this desolated spot; yet, circumstanced as I am, how can I in humanity avoid inviting him into my house?" The energy with which these sentiments were expressed, united to the pallid hue of Melville's countenance, completely alarmed the astonished William; but when he perceived the letter, which had previously been written, torn into a thousand fragments, he no longer doubted the report he had heard from the country people, that the poor gentleman was deranged.

After having paced the room in the greatest agitation, Melville at length resolved that Mr. Owen should write, and invite Theodocius's father down, without mentioning the name of the gentleman at whose house the unfortunate young man was so hospitably entertained. Near ten days elapsed before Mr. Owen received an answer, the purport of which was, to say that the writer was confined to his bed, and concluded with begging the Almighty to shower down blessings upon the being who had fostered his son.

(To be continued.)

INGENIOUS REMARK.

As a stronger light produces a darker shadow, superiority of genius is not unfrequently accompanied with a superiority of eccentricities and defects.

FALLS OF THE MISSOURI.

The following striking description of the Falls of the Missouri, is extracted from that highly interesting and valuable work, Lewis and Clark's Travels; a book which ought to belong to the Library of every man able to purchase it.

"CAPTAIN LEWIS had gone about two miles, when his ears were saluted with the agreeable sound of a fall of water, and as he advanced, a spray which seemed driven by the high southwest wind, arose above the plain like a column of smoke, and vanished in an instant. Towards this point he directed his steps, and the noise, increasing as he approached, soon became too tremendous to be mistaken for any thing but the great falls of the Missouri. Having travelled seven miles after first hearing the sound, he reached the falls about 12 o'clock; the hills as he approached were difficult of access, and two hundred feet high; down these he hurried with impatience, and seating himself on some rocks under the centre of the falls, enjoyed the sublime spectacle of this stupendous object, which since the creation had been lavishing its magnificence upon the desert, unknown to civilization.

"The river immediately at its cascade is three hundred yards wide, and is pressed in by a perpendicular cliff on the left, which rises to about one hundred feet, and extends up the stream for a mile; on the right, the bluff is also perpendicular for three hundred yards above the falls. For ninety or a hundred yards from the left cliff, the water falls in one smooth, even sheet, over a precipice of at least eighty feet. The remaining part of

the river precipitates itself with a more rapid current, but being received as it falls by the irregular and somewhat projecting rocks below, forms a splendid prospect of perfectly white foam two hundred yards in length, and eighty in perpendicular elevation. This spray is dissipated into a thousand shapes, sometimes flying up in columns of fifteen or twenty feet, which are then oppressed by larger masses of white foam, on all which the sun impresses the brightest colors of the rainbow.

"From the falls he directed his course south-west up the river; after passing one continued rapid, and three small cascades, each three or four feet high, he reached, at the distance of five miles a second fall. The river is about four hundred yards wide, and for the distance of three hundred, throws itself over to the depth of nineteen feet and so irregularly, that he gave it the name of Crooked Falls. From the southern shore it extends obliquely upwards about one hundred and fifty yards and then forms an acute angle downwards nearly to the commencement of four small islands close to the northern side. From the perpendicular pitch to these islands, a distance of more than one hundred yards, the water glides down a sloping rock with a velocity almost equal to that of its fall. Above this fall the river bends suddenly to the northward: while viewing this place Capt. Lewis heard a loud roar above him, and crossing the point of a hill for a few hundred yards, he saw one of the most beautiful objects in nature; the whole Missouri is suddenly stopped by one shelving rock, which, without a single niche, and

with an edge as straight and regular as if formed by art, stretches itself from one side of the river to the other, for at least a quarter of a mile.—Over this it precipitates itself in an even, uninterrupted sheet to the perpendicular depth of fifty feet, whence, dashing against the rocky bottom, it rushes rapidly down, leaving behind it a spray of the purest foam across the river. The scene which it presented was indeed regularly beautiful, since without any of the wild, irregular sublimity of the lower falls, it combined all the regular elegancies which the fancy of a painter would select to form a beautiful waterfall. The eye had scarcely been regaled with this charming prospect, when, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, Capt. Lewis observed another of a similar kind: to this he immediately hastened, and found a cascade stretching across the whole river for a quarter of a mile with a descent of fourteen feet, though the perpendicular pitch was only six feet. This, too, in any other neighborhood, would have been an object of great magnificence, but after what he had just seen it became an object of secondary interest: his curiosity being however awakened, he determined to go on, even if night should overtake him, to the head of the falls.

(To be concluded next week.)

LITERARY INFORMATION.

Archbishop Ignatius, founder of the Greek Lyceum in Bucharest, having purchased the valuable library of Sonini, the French naturalist, has made a present of it to the city of Bucharest.

Many interesting discoveries have

been made in Rome, in consequence of the orders given some years ago by Bonaparte to clear away mounds of earth by which the entrance to ancient buildings was obstructed. The pavement of the TEMPLE OF PEACE now appears to be preserved undamaged, and is composed of slabs of verdantique and serpentine marbles. In a subterraneous apartment are pictures in the best style of art; the enormous fragments of columns, cornices, friezes, &c. which have been found, prove the splendour of this ancient structure. A vineyard formerly occupied the greater part of the space between the Forum and the Coliseum; and now changed into a garden open to the walks of the public. The removal of the accumulations of earth, &c. from the interior of the Coliseum, has opened a vast field for the conjectures of antiquaries; in the middle of the arena are discovered immense constructions, which occupy the whole space; what was their original purpose has not hitherto been ascertained. In the Baths of Titus, several chambers and galleries have been cleared. In contemplating this vast Labyrinth, the eye is delighted at every turn with the elegance of the Arabesques, and the astonishing freshness of the paintings which adorn the ceilings and the walls.—*London paper.*

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

‘LET us now attend to the advice of the *pagan* Pericles, addressed to the Ladies of the most polite city (Athens) of ancient times:—‘Be ambitious of attaining those virtues which are the principal ornaments of your sex.—

Cherish your instinctive modesty ; and look upon it as your highest commendation not to be the subject of public discourse."

That instinctive modesty, so deserving of being cherished, requires, like every other virtue, to be strengthened by culture ; and is perhaps of all virtues that which, when impaired, is the most difficult to be restored to its original sensibility. In the rude conflicts of the world it is in all situations exposed to serious risk of being imperceptibly worn away. In the metropolis the danger is aggravated partly by the shamelessness with which vice, confident in the number of its adherents, there shews its face abroad ; partly by the rank of many of the vicious, which draws on their wickedness the eye of public attention ; and partly by means of the softening appellations which fashion, enlisted in the service of profligacy, has devised for the most flagrant breaches of the laws of God and man. Hence, not only among the unprincipled, but in virtuous families, among women of modesty, and by women of modesty, conversation is not unfrequently turned to criminal topics and incidents, of which, to use the language of an Apostle, "it is a shame even to speak." [Epes. c. 12.] To conceive that delicacy of a sentiment should not thus be undermined is impossible. The evil now in question contaminates the country also ; but, though not restricted to the metropolis, it is there most prevalent. It ought to be added, that men of worth are, in numberless cases, highly censurable for the little regard which they evince to female delicacy even in their own families, by

the subjects of conversation which they introduce or pursue. The mischief done is not the less, because the phraseology may be guarded'

Evening Gaz.

As in most of our towns and cities, Prophets of the following description are to be met with, we should hope an account of their vile arts, may at least have some effect on the minds of the credulous—to stop that support by which these miserable beings are enabled to impose on the public.

COMMITMENT OF JOSEPH POWELL,

THE CELEBRATED NICROMANCER.

This celebrated *Necromancer* and false prophet, who has figured away, and imposed on the public, by deluding the minds of the credulous of both sexes, was on Saturday examined at Marlborough-street Police-office, on charges of obtaining money under pretence of diving into futurity ; and such an *adept* was this conjurer, that he professed to disclose events to come, either by consulting the planets, dealing out cards, and by other magic arts. This is the celebrated *fortune teller*, who made so much noise by his apprehensions for necromancy in 1807 and 8, for which he received for the first offence *six months'* imprisonment and for the second *twelve*. T. Foy, Plank, and Jefferys, officers, took the prisoner into custody while in the act of *speaking* to (as is technically termed) a young lass, whilst another was waiting his leisure. The officers took the prisoner off, and then conveyed his apparatus, consisting of a piece of machinery, which he called *perpetual motion* (the principle of which he acknowledged to be ignorant of), and

books of various denominations, calculated to impose upon the credulous, but without either sense or meaning, consisting of hieroglyphics, &c. &c.

On the entry of the officers, the prisoner having asked the lass who she was attending upon, what day she was born, &c. proceeded to his astrological researches, by consulting what he termed the planets, *Venus, Mars, and Jupiter*, and while in the act of figuring away curves and lines upon a slate, he was disturbed by the unwelcome visitors. This female was brought to the office also, although under much embarrassment of mind, to give evidence. She had been at the prisoner's room before, when she paid 2s 6d. and he informed her she never would be very happy until she was twenty five years of age, when she would be married, and such like nonsense. The next witness was a person of the name of Smith, who had been separated from his wife, and he went to the prisoner to learn when he should see her. The prisoner resorted to his books, and for half a crown informed the witness, that if he did not see her on such a day, he could give no hopes of his ever seeing her again. The book of reference, after consulting the *planets*, contained all the information necessary to set up *prophet*, and rivalled even the forebodings of *Joanna Southcott*. Here was a reference to every card in the pack, for instance. The ten of diamonds denoted *marriage*; one of clubs a *letter*; ace of spades, *death*; five of clubs a *present*; eight of clubs, *confusion*; five of spades, *surprise*; and the four of clubs a *gaol*; which the prisoner was not conjurer enough to guard against. In short this book contained a

fund of knowledge, worthy even the shelf of the Antiquarian Society. It also resolved dreams, and contained many letters from country correspondents of both sexes, who had only to send up their names, with an enclosure from 2s 6d. to 10l. and, agreeably to the sum paid, *knowledge* was obtained. The prisoner confessed himself an hypocrite, and begged for mercy; but the Magistrate observed on the thousand evils which befel the community by such practices. The third offence constituted felony, for which offence the prisoner was committed. Mr. Beeley, of Clerkenwell New Prison, partly identified the prisoner, and produced the records of the two former convictions. The prisoner was also a quack doctor, who administered for all complaints, and gave instructions how to gain a prize in the *little-go lottery*, by his astronomical researches.

The following chapter of the Alcoran of the *impostor Mahomet*, plainly evinces, that he was well acquainted with the Christian Bible; that he believed in its truth—but that he mutilated, garbled, and perverted it, to subserve his ambition.—*Spin. it of Washington*.

ALCORAN, CHAP. LXXXII.

Entitled, The Opening of Heaven, containing seventeen verses, written at Mecca.

IN the name of God, gracious and merciful. The souls shall know the good and evil that they have done, when the heavens shall open, the stars shall fall, the seas be gathered together, and the sepulchres opened. O

man, what maketh thee so proud, as to rise against God, who hath created thee, who hath formed and proportioned thee after what manner he pleased? O ye wicked! ye will not believe the day of judgment. There are angels that observe your actions, and are obedient to God. The just shall go into paradise, and the unjust be precipitated into the fire of hell, whence they shall never return. I will not tell when the day of judgment shall be: on that day no man shall be able to succour his neighbour, and God alone shall command.

THE BRIEF REMARKER.

Old age is justly considered as situated on the confines of the grave; and, of course, the ravages that death makes in that uttermost province of human life, excite no surprise. It is an adage nearly as ancient, perhaps, as time, that the old *must* die. Indeed the aged may be said to die while they live. By little and little they are losing, almost every day, somewhat of the very stamina of life; and even if no mortal disease supervene, their earthly tabernacles must, ere long, be dissolved of mere decay. This natural process of dissolution is often so gradual as to be little perceived, and least of all by the subjects of it; but the process is constantly advancing, whether perceived or not. So far, therefore, from its being a marvel that the aged die at last, the marvel is that they live so long; considering the extreme brittleness of the thread of life, and the many hair-breadth escapes from death they must have had during such a great length of time.

On the contrary, *premature* deaths

occasion, not merely the bitterness of transient sorrow, but that rooted anguish which rises from disappointed hopes:—and it is particularly so with regard to children, cut off in the flower of youth, or in the bud of infancy. Parental affection *hopeth all things*: and when the object of its fond hope is snatched away, it faints under the stroke, and is ready to say, repiningly, “It were better not to have had the gift at all.” But when this object is an *only* child, the cup of anguish is not merely full, but it overflows. Bereavement of this last description is frequently noticed in the holy scriptures, as most deeply affecting: and accordingly, pious writers, in all ages and countries, have been assiduously anxious to pour the balm of consolation into hearts thus torn with anguish.

With such benevolent views, no doubt, was fabricated the ancient legend, or fable, with which I shall conclude these reflections. It originated in the Scottish Highlands, whose inhabitants have, in great part, borne a considerable resemblance to the patriarchal ages; having, from time immemorial, led a pastoral life, and been remarkable for frugal plainness of living, for sobriety, and for zealous attachment to the holy religion they profess. And a singular circumstance, which, to *them*, has given peculiar efficacy to the legend hereafter related, is, that they have been, and are, generally speaking, so tinctured with superstition, as firmly to believe in the frequency of supernatural visions or apparitions. I will only remark further, for explanation, that every Highland householder, agreeably to

an ancient custom, makes a festival for his friends and neighbours on the death of any one of his family; which funeral feast is called *The late Wake*.

A married couple of the Scottish Highlands had thrice lost their only child; each dying at an early age. Upon the death of the last, the grief of the father became boisterous, and he uttered his complaints in the loudest terms.

"The death of the child happened late in spring, when, in the more inhabited *straths*, sheep were abroad; but, from the blasts in that high and stormy region, they were still confined in the cot. In a dismal snowy evening, the man, unable to stifle his anguish, went out, lamenting aloud for a lamb to treat his friends with at the *late wake*. At the door of the cot, however, he found a stranger standing before the entrance. He was astonished, in such a night, to meet a person so far from any frequented place. The stranger was plainly attired; but had a countenance expressive of singular mildness and benevolence, and addressing him in a sweet impressive voice, asked him what he did there amidst the tempest. He was filled with awe, which he could not account for, and said, that he came for a lamb.

"What kind of lamb do you mean to take?" said the stranger. "The very best I can find," he replied, "as it is to entertain my friends; and I hope you will share of it." "Do your sheep make any resistance when you take away the lamb, or any disturbance afterwards?" "Never," was the answer. "How differently am I treated?" said the traveller, "When I come to visit my sheepfold, I take, as I am well en-

titled to do, the best lamb to myself; and my ears are filled with the clamour of discontent by these ungrateful sheep, whom I have fed, watched, and protected." He looked up in amaze; but the vision was fled."

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO M. A. W.

To be resign'd when illa betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favour given.
Dear stranger this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

COTTON.

Many thanks are due to the authoress who lately addressed herself to Ella, but who, I am sorry to say, has not only destroyed the sense of the piece she answered, but has likewise perverted the meaning of the writer. The inconsistency she accuses me of, I ever despised, and I am sorry, if through any slight misunderstanding, I have in any degree incurred that censure. In the first place, allow me to remove her seemingly greatest obstacle. In all ages of the world, from the most ancient down to the present time, there have been, she must allow, nominal Christians. Persons who have (as the 4th chapter of Isaiah will more fully explain it) laid hold on Christ, saying unto him, "we will eat our own bread and wear our own apparel, only let us be called by thy name to take away our reproach among men." From the first beginning of Christianity there have been such in the world; why then should idle declaimers mourn over the degeneracy of the present age, when every age

has been degenerating from the last. In the next place, though far from being a votary of thoughtless levity and low minded mirth, I am still an avowed enemy to gloom and melancholy. The almighty founder of the universe, looked on the plan and was pleased; he saw the workmanship thereof, and pronounced it good. Shall I then be dissatisfied? No, far from it. Happiness, contentment, and myself, have long been intimate friends, and my earnest prayer is, may we never be separated. My reason and my conscience bids me be a Christian, but from the conduct I have seen a real Christian evince, in life and death, they likewise bid me to be cheerful. Far from being displeased, I am ever obliged to a watchful friend, who, seeing my faults, will tell me of them. Should my present one think I have not sufficiently explained myself, I must beg to refer her to my former production, and I flatter myself when she looks more particularly at that, (not through the medium of prejudice,) she may, perhaps, find it not so faulty as she at first expected.

ELLA.

THE BLACK EWE.

A gentleman passing over one of the extensive downs in the west of England, about mid-day, where a large flock of sheep were feeding, and observing the shepherd sitting by the road side, preparing to eat his dinner, he stopped his horse, and entered into conversation with him to this effect—
 "Well, shepherd, you look cheerful and contented, and, I dare say, have very few cares to vex you. I, who am a

man of pretty large property, cannot but look at such men as you with a kind of envy," "Why, sir," replied the shepherd, "'tis true I have no troubles like yours; and I could do well enough was it not for that black ewe that you see yonder amongst my flock. I have often begged my master to kill, or sell her; but he won't, though she is the plague of my life; for no sooner do I sit down to look at my book, or take up my wallet to get my dinner, but away she sets off over the down, and the rest follow her; so that I have many a weary step after them. There! you see she's off, and they are all after her!" "Ah, friend," said the gentleman to the shepherd before he started, "I see every man has a black ewe in his flock to plague him as well as me!" The reader can make the application.

VARIETY.

We are principally indebted to the taste and judgment of the Editors of the Boston Gazette, for the selections we make under this head.

ADDISON.

The modest Addison was accused by a lady of being dull and heavy in conversation. "Madam," he replied with great dignity, "I have only nine pence in my pocket, but I can draw for a thousand pounds."

LIFE.

Men are like ships upon the main,
 Expos'd to every gale;
 Each passion is a fatal blast,
 That tears away a sail.

APPLICATION OF TIME.

To catch the light wing'd moments in their flight,
 And stamp importance on the passing hour.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

*To be inscribed on the Mocking Bird's
Tomb Stone.*

Stop, passing stranger, turn thy footsteps
here,

Where lies entomb'd beneath this rising
carth,

A bird of beauteous form, of matchless
worth:

Stay stranger, stay and drop one pitying
tear.

His life (for once he liv'd) a life of wo,

Baffles the poet's pliant art to trace:

Slave to mankind, the murd'rer of his race,
In dust the tyrant laid his captive low.

Born free as air: till manac'd by man,

His life-stream flow'd uninterrupted joy:

But where is happiness without alloy?

Solve me the question, stranger, if thou can!

A lady's wish had mark'd him for her own,

Snar'd, seiz'd, and cag'd, the little pris'ner
came;

Depriv'd of liberty, (O, sacred name,)

He pined, he died, and lies beneath this
stone.

This is the spot where death is wont to
dwell:

Beware, in passing, how thy footsteps
tread:

This is the fond bird's consecrated bed:

This speechless stone to rolling years shall
tell,

I priz'd him living, and I mourn'd him
dead!

SUILENROG.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO MR. C***** S*****.

ON SPRING.

Hail! thrice hail! auspicious morn,
Which ushers spring's returning dawn;
And with the cheering beams of day
Drives winter's dreary gloom away.

Creation wears an aspect new,
At thy approach, and livelier hue;
While nature deck'd with smiles is seen,
Clad in her soft attire of green.

Each shrub, each dormant plant and flower,
Feels thy invigorating power;
And from their icy fetters freed,
Revives to deck the groves and mead.

The feather'd songsters of the grove,
Pour forth their softest notes of love;
Whilst pleas'd they skim from spray to spray,
Carolling sweet the hours away.

The lowing herd bound o'er the plain,
Reliev'd from winter's tyrant reign;
Expressing in a thousand ways,
Their joy, their gratitude and praise.

Nor less the bleating race are seen,
Skipping across the hillocks green,
In sportive gambols, mirth and glee,
And innocent as gay and free.

Man also feels thy genial power,
And welcomes its approaching hour;
With rapture beaming in his eye,
His bosom burns and heart beats high.

And while with joy his heart o'erflows,
Forgetting half his former woes;
His grateful thanks on zephyr's wing
Ascends up to the god of spring.

Yet ah! what once my heart could warm,
With me hath lost the power to charm;
Nor vernal sun nor plant nor flower,
Delight as once the social hour.

For since M***—faithless maid!
Allur'd, deceiv'd me, and betray'd;
E'en spring has lost its sweet control,
And winter still reigns in my soul.

PHILANDER.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

The following original lines were handed us
some time ago, and should have appeared
before, had they not been mislaid.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF ———
Here stop my friend, these humble lines pe-
ruse,

The artless product of a rustic muse:

Cans't thou look round, and yet forbear to weep,

Where swells the turf in many a mouldering heap?

Cans't thou unmov'd, the solemn scene survey,

Or walk unthinking o'er thy kindred clay?

Cans't thou una-w'd, this russet grave behold,
Where rests the tongue that many a tale hath told?

Beneath yon stone, in hallow'd silence lies,
Some hoary sophist, stripp'd of all disguise,
And close confin'd to this contracted spot,
Lost to the world, and by his friends forgot,
Sleeps hapless *** who, in early youth,
Despis'd the dictates of unerring truth;
Who stifled reason, liv'd to vice a slave,
And sunk untimely to the gloomy grave.

Here too, unknowing what was right or wrong,

Unnumber'd infants swell the solemn throng;
Snatch'd from the world, and all impending woes,

To heaven in spotless innocence they rose;
See there the virgin, cropp'd in beauty's bloom,

Rests unregarded in the moss clad tomb;
E'en by the wretch who doom'd the nymph to prove,

The lingering tortures of neglected love.
Where's now the radiant brightness of her eye,

That stream'd like meteors in a summer's sky?

Where's now the lily's and the rose's hue,
Which streak'd her cheek, and wanton'd in our view?

Lost are those charms, and "mute the tuneful tongue,"

That spoke with freedom and divinely sung;
Fled ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace expir'd,
And loath'd the form which gazing crowds admir'd.

Hence, reader, pause! this awful lesson learn,

From dust thou art, and must to dust return;
Wealth, wit, nor beauty, boast the power to save

One human being from the gaping grave:
Alike precarious is our fleeting breath,
And all are levell'd by the hand of death;

What tho' misfortunes may our steps pursue,
Blast ev'ry wish, and darken every view;
Still to the good, the virtuous, and the wise,
They're heavenly blessings in a strange disguise;

Then let's forbear to murmur and to sigh,
And aim to live as we would wish to die.

A. H.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO GAUNNETTA.

Farewell, cri'd I gaily, the Summer is near,
The Spring is already midway her career;
The fields look delightful, old Winter is gone,
And Summer comes dancing so rapidly on;
We shall soon meet again, and all gloom to dispel,

As blithly as tho' we'd ne'er sigh'd out farewell.

Let the heartfelt adieu pass unnotic'd around,

And no tear trickling eye cause my spirits to fail;

Nor yet thus in silence my hand you should press,

For silence to me tells a sorrowful tale;

Tho' we part, let's be cheerful, I hate the dark spell

That lurks in the form of the boding farewell.

To the day is sufficient the evil thereof,

Let the tears and the sighs which 'tis hard to repress,

Be safe lock'd in their cells till more justly they're due,

When one sinks in the arms of the other to rest;

Then dear is the sigh, and the heart bursting swell,

When the last flying breath faintly sighs out farewell.

ELLA.

EPITAPH ON MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL.

Here, aged eighty, sleeps VAN BUTCHELL,
Of whom no mortal can say much ill:
He look'd as queer as *Macbeth's* Witches,
And wore a beard and leather breeches.

VISIONARY PHILOSOPHY.

Voltaire pleasantly observes, that the business of many philosophers, is to calculate how many more drops of rain fall in the month of the sheep, than in the month of the goat. Of this useful tribe is the man of Monticello; a sort of political and philosophical quiddity—as fit for a statesman as Vesuvius for a powder house.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MAY 6, 1815.

Nuptial.

MARRIED,

By the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Samuel Homes, to Miss Fanny Knapp, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. McLeod, Mr. Richard Cole, to Miss Margaret Copland, daughter of Mr. George Copland.

By the Rev. Gardiner Spring, Mr. David W. C. Olyphant, of Baltimore, to Mrs. Ann Archer, of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Feltus, Mr. John Hagerdon, to Miss Jane T. Coddington, both of this city.

Obituary.

DIED

On Saturday night, the 6th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH ORAM, wife of Mr. James Oram, Editor of this Paper, in the 47th year of her age, after a long season of affliction and suffering, which she sustained with the most christian fortitude, in the blessed hope of everlasting happiness.

This morning of a lingering complaint, Mr. Thomas Thompson, an amiable young man, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, of the firm of Largin & Thompson, Printers, of this city.

Mr. Robert Smithen.

Mr. Michael Nowlen, aged 54 years.

Mr. John Mills, in the 64th year of his age.

Mr. Barnaly Walsh, aged 54 years.

After an illness of four days, Mr. Thomas Freeborn, in the 43d year of his age.

Mrs. Abigail Pell, aged 77.

Mr. S. G. Milligan.

Mr. John Remsen, in the 66th year of his age.

Museum Printing-Office, May 6.

On account of severe indisposition and death in the family, and the want of our accustomed help, we are under the disagreeable necessity of apologizing to our patrons, in town and country, for not issuing the Museum this week on the usual day.

Our subscribers in the lower parts of the city, we hope, will excuse any omissions that may take place in the delivery of their papers this week; as the unprincipled conduct of the Boy that used to serve in this quarter, leads us to expect will be the case.—Those subscribers who may have removed will also please excuse any omissions on this head, and leave word at the Museum Office of their place of residence.

•• As it is not expected to print of the Museum but few copies more than may be subscribed for, it is hoped that any who may be omitted in serving, will be good enough to call immediately and receive their papers.

A communication from "T. P." is received, and will be attended to next week, if the author don't object to our changing one word for another in the meantime.

Intelligence.

Since our last, has arrived here the Spanish ship Louisa, in 29 days from the river of Bordeaux, and the ship Fingal, in 30 days from Havre de Grace, which port she left the 30th March.—On Tuesday arrived the brig Criterion, in 24 days from Lisbon; having left that port the 9th of April. By these arrivals we have confirmations of the extraordinary events that have lately taken place in France, as published in our last. Although the French papers say, that all France is in a state of tranquillity, we have other accounts, especially from Bordeaux, which state that part of the country, as still in favour of the Bourbons.

A letter from Paris, dated March 21, says—"I hardly know what to say to you on the late extraordinary event which has brought back to Paris the man who must now be considered as really extraordinary. It seems like enchantment, and I am lost in amazement when I reflect on it. I think, however, I see France doomed to a dreadful military despotism, in which the people will be looked upon as a farmer looks upon his potatoes and cabbages. A war with England I consider the immediate consequence, perhaps also with the whole of the former allies, and God knows what else. A short time will put you in possession of important news."

By the arrival from Lisbon, it is said that a *Revolution had broken out in Spain*, and that *King Ferdinand had fled*, his army having previously refused to obey his orders; that Lord Ellenborough's house in London, and several others had been destroyed by a mob; that news of the revolution in France had reached Lisbon, and the following forces were said to have taken the field against Bonaparte, and had taken up their line of march—Russia 50,000 field, 30,000 reserve; Prussia 80,000 field, 80,000 reserve; Spain 80,000 field, 80,000 reserve; Portugal 80,000 field, 80,000 reserve; Austria 150,000 field, 100,000 reserve. Low Countries under the command of the Duke of Wellington, 120,000 field, including Englishmen, 120,000 reserve. The news of the day at Lisbon, on Saturday, 8th April, was that there had been a refusal on the part of the Spanish soldiery to march at the orders of Ferdinand, unless he would sign the Constitution—that all was tumult and dismay at Madrid, and that the French vessels which were in the port of Lisbon, were afraid to go to sea, anticipating an immediate war with England.—That a letter has been received at Lisbon, from Mr Gavino, at Algeseras, stating that the Algerines had passed the Straights into the

Atlantic.—That Algiers had declared war against Spain for a delinquency in paying their subsidy of \$200,000 now in arrears. They had made a descent on the coast of Spain, taken some families, and made them slaves, and that there has been two revolutions in Tunis—two Beys have been beheaded, which the Gibraltar paper describes.—*Mer. Adv.*

Great failures are stated to have taken place in Hamburg, which are so extensive as to involve in their consequences a great number of commercial houses in the principal cities of Europe.

They are said to be attributed partly to circumstances growing out of the military events which have occurred in the north of Germany; and partly to hazardous speculations in the products of the U. States of America, whose prices, since the signing of the treaty at Ghent, have considerably fallen.

It is said an attempt had been made to assassinate Bonaparte, by a Corsican. The stiletto struck a buckle and glanced without doing any injury. Bonaparte ordered him to be confined, but spared his life and contented himself with exiling the culprit to the continent.

It is also said that an attempt had been made to assassinate the King of France, previous to his leaving Paris. The assassin had got into his Majesty's Bed-room with a knife, but was instantly shot.

The emperor Francis was reported to be dangerously ill.

The duke of Dorset in leaping his horse over a stone wall was thrown to the ground, and died in an hour after.

The frigate *Guerriere*, Com. Decatur, went down on Monday as far as the Watering Place, where most of the Expedition bound to the Mediterranean have assembled, and will sail the first favourable wind.

MUSEUM PRINTING OFFICE,

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Where may be had,

Deeds, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney,
Apprentices Indentures,

Bills of Lading; together with
CUSTOM-HOUSE BLANKS.

A lad, of suitable education, wanted
at the Museum Printing Office.

Grand National Lottery, AUTHORIZED BY CONGRESS.

To be drawn in September next.

HIGHEST PRIZES.

5 prizes of	\$20,000 each
2 do of	10,000
10 do of	5,000
25 do of	1,000

Not two Blanks to a Prize.

Tickets and Shares, for Sale at Nine Dollars each, by

CHARLES N. BALDWIN,

No. 69 Division-street, nearly opposite the
Tenth Ward Court. May 6--St

BERNARD WENMAN, Jeweller, No. 13 Maiden-lane, has for sale, a rich variety of the most fashionable Bracelets, Clasps, Breast Pins, and Ear-Rings; together with a new assortment of Silver Ware, &c.

He also has on hand White Chapel Needles of various kinds, which he will also sell on the most reasonable terms.

UZZIAH WENMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR, and Salesman, No. 87 Cherry-street, corner of James-street, New-York, has for sale a general assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, of every description.

Grand National Lottery, AUTHORIZED BY CONGRESS.

To be drawn in September next.

Price of tickets—nine dollars each.

HIGHEST PRIZES.

5 prizes of	\$20,000 each
2 do of	10,000
10 do of	5,000
25 do of	1,000

Not two Blanks to a Prize.

Tickets for Sale at the Lucky Lottery
Office of

E. S. LAZARUS,

No. 84 MAIDEN-LANE.

Prizes in former Lotteries, &c. taken in
payment.

Piano Fortes.

THOMAS WESTERN & SON,

Manufacture the Improved Patent, Upright, Grand and Square Piano Forte, at No. 104 Water-street, a few doors south west of the Tontine Coffee-House.

They respectfully solicit the attention of their friends and the public, to favour the establishment with their commands. No exertion will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to their employers. They have on hand and are constantly finishing Piano Fortes in a handsome style. Being made from the best materials and workmanship, they are warranted to be of the first quality. They keep those that remain in this city, one year in tune. They will also attend to harmonize, tune, and repair Organs and Piano Fortes, in the most correct and perfect manner, on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

A Second Hand Piano Forte and Barrel Organ for sale cheap

Wanted.

A WOMAN to do the house work of a family. Inquire at No. 102 Water-street.

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